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TREATY IS RATIFIED.

By a vote of 67 to 27, the four-power treaty binding the United States, Great Britain, Japan and France to keep the peace in the Pacific, was ratified by the United States senate on Friday.

With ratification, the United States and the other three powers must proceed to reduce their navies and forget the things of war.

By a vote of 92 to 2, the senate attached a reservation declaring that the United States understands that under the terms of the treaty there is no commitment of armed force, no alliance, no obligation to join in any defense. The president will accept this reservation and immediately there will be an exchange of ratifications with the other signatories of the pact and the treaty will be in full force and effect.

During the debates, Senators Johnson and Borah pretended to be alarmed over the possible complications of entangling alliances and the danger of being unprepared for the future. They argued that America was disregarding Washington's warning and would suffer. They also pointed out that Japan and Great Britain alone were benefited. But the overwhelming membership of the senate stood firmly for ratification and thus repudiated Johnson and Borah, the irreconcilables, whose one redeeming feature is that of being consistent in their opposition to any understanding with a foreign nation.

However apprehensive any American may be as to the effects of the treaty, why should he be alarmed? This country is self-contained and powerful enough to have no serious fears as to the future. If the treaty does not work out as expected, another conference can be called to eliminate that which is objectionable. In the meantime there is a promise of a period of peace and good will, which is expected to be the crowning reward of the work of the Pacific pact.

TWO CITIES ARE GETTING TOGETHER.

Since club life has played an important part in the affairs of Ogden and Salt Lake, there has been more of a spirit of co-operation manifested. Recently a number of the men's organizations have held get-together functions at which the key-note was the necessity of Ogden and Salt Lake uniting to help themselves and all Utah.

Now on April 8 the real estate men of Salt Lake will come to Ogden to foster the friendship which exists and there will be plans made to cement the good feeling.

On last Tuesday the Progressive Business club of Ogden had as guests a large group of members and their wives of the Salt Lake club, and the mayors of the two cities were present to exchange felicitations.

This is as it should be. There should be no destructive rivalry. Whatever rivalry exists should be on a constructive basis, tending to increase the prestige of the two cities and the prosperity of the entire state.

WORK STARTS IN UTAH.

Word came from Bingham on Friday that the Utah Apex mine was reopening with a force of 500 men.

This is one of the first messages of a returning confidence.

With 500 miners given employment at Bingham, and many hundred men preparing to go to work on the state roads, and Cache county hiring men and teams on its \$600,000 road campaign, and with Ogden starting work on sewers, curb and gutter, water works and other city improvements, the clouds of adversity are being lifted.

TRAGEDIES OF ONE DAY.

Yesterday was Friday, but not the thirteenth. But it was a day of tragedies.

A father and four of his sons were shot to death in Belfast, Ireland, where hatred has dethroned justice.

Five passengers in a flying boat were drowned near Miami, Fla.

Eighteen men were caught in a mine explosion at Trinidad, Colo., and the bodies of the dead are being recovered.

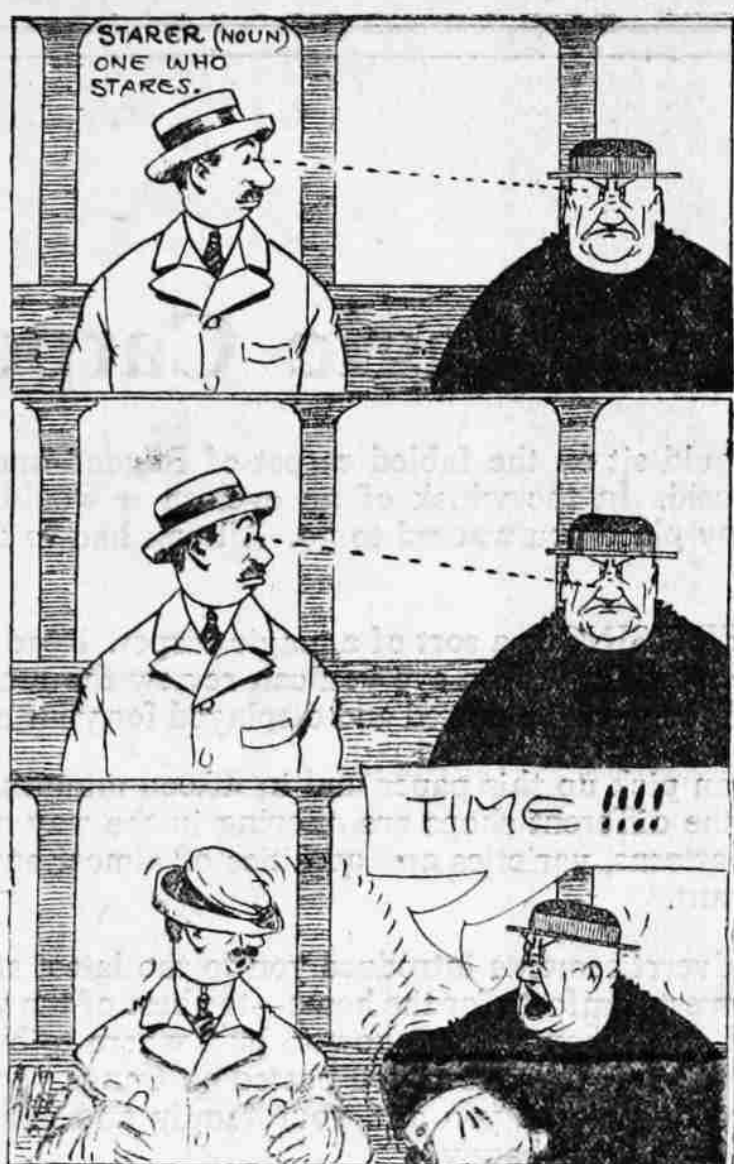
Suicides were reported from over the entire country.

An entire family of six was burned to death in Manitoba.

The principal of the Mt. Pleasant

EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO



school and his janitor were electrocuted.

At Boise a man was found frozen to death in a boxcar.

This is the story of a day. It tells of the uncertainty of life.

If we were to take upon ourselves the sorrows of others, how gloomy would be existence.

With modern news service, there is a daily report which deals in tragedies. No wonder there comes, as an antidote, a demand for comic features in the newspapers, so that the depressing stories may be forgotten in the rich humor which provokes a laugh.

NEWSPAPERS.

In two months more than 150 newspapers have suspended publication in Germany, on account of the high price of paper.

This is the worst form of social decay.

The whole structure of civilization rests on the printing press.

Newspapers are run by human beings who are apt to make mistakes, like every one else. But eliminate all the newspapers and human intercourse and knowledge of far-off occurrences would practically cease. Wouldn't take many years of such a condition to turn the clock back several centuries.

FOOD.

To get cheaper food and more of it, county agricultural agents of the department of agriculture make 230,000 field demonstrations in a year. These demonstrations are scientific exhibitions, teaching how to grow more to the acre.

Hill-or-miss farming, trusting to providence and the elements, is a thing of the past. The American farmer is becoming a chemical laboratory.

The department of agriculture is easily the most important branch of the national government, just as farmers are our most important citizens.

CORN.

Farmers still have a bothersome surplus of corn on hand—about 1,312,120,000 bushels.

But farm holdings of corn are 251,712,000 bushels less than a year ago. The corn problem grows smaller.

In four months the farmers have marketed 2,095,437,000 bushels. Prices have been low, but the big sales of corn have helped liquidate debts and stimulated the corn grower's buying power.

For general business, this is equivalent to a transfusion of blood.

ROADS.

The cost of keeping up American roads and building new ones last year was \$4 for every man, woman and child—after deducting money from auto license fees. So reports the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.

It is equivalent to a cent and a tenth a day for each of us. To save that much, few would surrender even the street in front of their house.

Roads are about the greatest blessing of civilization, also the cheapest.

HORSES.

Some one with a pocketful of sharp pencils has just figured out that the autos used in our country have a power equivalent to more than 300,000,000 horses. Or, in round numbers, three horses for every man, woman and child.

This shows how machinery concentrates and multiplies human energy in production.

In many commodities, the introduction of machinery has not lowered price much in the long run. But it has multiplied the commodities available for the average person—increased the standard of living.



Tom Sims Says

We often express our gratitude when it should be sent by air mail.

Smart Money won at a Havana race track. Foolish money lost.

They would rather go riding than play golf because in golf you can't drive with one hand.

Nobody believes a "Fresh Paint" sign.

An optimistic congressman says the bonus will be paid in October, but doesn't say what October.

Maybe the farmer's sons come to town to earn money for the old man to keep farming on.

Kids playing baseball ought to boost the window glass trade.

Kentucky failed to reject the Darwin theory, but came very near proving it true.

Absence makes the face grow longer.

Doctors trying to take candy from the babies won't find it as easy as it is supposed to be.

Faint pocketbook never won fair play.

Nice thing about bobbed hair is you can claim one on your coat came out of your own head.

Britannia spends more time waving the rules than ruling the waves.

A man killed himself because his wife talked too much. Read this to your wife.

Lord Reading wants to quit in India. Wish writing would.

If changing clothes wasn't necessary some people would forget where they live.

"Plumber Sues for Lost Love"—headline. Maybe he left it at the shop.

The wonder of the times is how to get another ten thousand miles out of last summer's suit.

"Arabians greet each other by placing cheek to cheek"—news item. But they were dancing.

Sing a song of expense, pocket full of rye; four and twenty quarts of it, is why he has no eye.

It's spring. Two men changing places in a canoe swam ashore.

Many a candidate loses the race because his gas gives out.

With Will in the movies all the postmasters want passes.

"House up in Antigonish is haunted, maybe the rent's due."

Don't keep your hands in your pockets when there is a job on them.

"Convict Escapes in Boiler"—headline. A hard-boiled yegg.

When some people act decent you wonder what they want.

A man is making lightning, but who is the thunder wants lightning?

It's an ill wind that blows no good. March winds are boosting the silk stocking trade.

"Ravens mate for life"—bird notes. That's why the "raven."

A man who holds his own, holds his own tongue.

"Three-fourths of the area of America is flat"—news item. And about three-fourths of the people.

The late styles seem early. Optimist: A man putting up a wire fence to keep chickens out of his garden.

Love in a cottage isn't so bad if you have some groceries. The report that nickel cigars have dropped from eight to six cents can't be verified.

College yell for congress: "Row—Row—Row." The hand that knocks the cradle is the hand that ruins the world.

The RIDER OF THE GOLDEN BAR

by WILLIAM PATTERSON WHITE

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(Continued from Our Last Issue)

At which Felix lost his patience and his head and gave Jerry the bum's rush through the doorway. Jerry skidded across the sidewalk and slid a yard on his nose. He sat up, supporting himself on a warring elbow and squatted. "Yuh-you nunn-needn't thuh-think I'm gus-gonna lullie for you nunn-no longer! If you dud-don't gus-gimme plenty munn-money, I'm gus-gonna tell folks how yuh-you huh-held up the sush-stage yourself all dressed up in Bill Wingo's clothes who yue-could throw the bubble on him!"

Most certainly then the gambler would have put a bullet through Jerry Fern had not Shotgun Shillman and Riley Tyler been too quick for him.

"Now, now, Felix, calm down," suggested Shotgun.

"He's a war!" foamed Felix, struggling to jerk his gun arm free. "I never held up the stage! Bill Wingo did it himself! Ask Sam Larder!"

"Was Sam there, too?" said Riley, with fresh interest. "Here, Sam, wait a minute."

Sam Larder regarded the muzzle of Riley's gun. "All right," said Sam Larder.

The district attorney, having looked carefully to the fastenings of his windows, tucked a six-shooter under his pillow and began to unlace his shoes. Came a rapping at his chamber door.

"That you, Rater?" inquired a muffled voice.

"Yes! Come in! Come in!"

Jack Murray entered quickly.

"What in hell are you doing here?" demanded the district attorney.

"Don't you know—"

"I wanted to see you," Jack Murray said, seating himself in the nearest chair. "suppose you got the money for that note?"

"No, I haven't."

"I kind of thought you'd stick to that poverty square!" smiled Jack Murray, fishing a folded paper from a shirt pocket. "So I took care before I came here to write down what I know about this H'l deal—What's that?"

"That" was a rapping on the kitchen door.

"Go in the bedroom," whispered the district attorney with a very pale face.

On his demand that the caller declare himself, a voice whispered, "It's me, Guerilla Melody. Let me in quick."

The district attorney unlocked the kitchen door and opened it.

A tall man pushed in at once. The tall man had a sardonic gleam in his gray eyes, a ragged brown beard, and a daring look about the mouth.

He was pointing directly at the stomach of the district attorney. The tall, brown-bearded man shot out a quick left hand and deftly twirled away the district attorney's weapon.

"Arthur," said Billy, "I've been hearing bad reports of you. I understand you've decided to have Miss Walton arrested. Is that correct?"

"Correct, sure. Sorry, but the law's the law, you know."

"Suppose that I can prove that Dan Silke was at Miss Walton's the night Rater Tuckleton was murdered. Would that help any?"

"You can't prove it."

"In the first place," said Billy, "I know he didn't kill Tuckleton."

"Then why are you trying to prove he did?"

"Just to see what you'd say. Just to see how dead set against investigating Silke you are. Just to double-check the proof against the real criminal. One reason is that if you do, he'll be sure to blurt right out how you and Felix and Sam Larder helped him to escape from the calaboose."

"Oh, you're welcome to what you think," said the district attorney. "But just for the sake of argument, how do you know that Silke didn't kill Tuckleton?"

"Because the initialed butcher knife Silke took with him from Miss Walton's was still on him when he was caught."

"There must have been two knives!"

"There were two knives, but only one belonged to Miss Walton. Rater, you got out that knife Walton herself had killed Tuckleton because he had planned ahead that she was the one you were going to hang the murder on. And why did you have it planned ahead? Because you killed Tuckleton yourself!"

The district attorney sat perfectly still. His eyes stole toward the bed-

room door. What on earth was the matter with Jack Murray? Why didn't he shoot?

"I don't know why you killed him," went on the inexorable voice, "but you did. I've found out that early last spring you went to Nate Samson and borrowed his hardware catalog. I sent a telegram to the supply house getting out this catalog, and their answer stated that you had ordered from them back in February, a butcher knife, paying for it in stamps. They gave the catalog number of this butcher knife, and the catalog number is in the same number as that of the butcher knife with which Tuckleton was killed. You cut TW on the handle of this knife, rusted it a little and ground it some, and then you—Rater, you rat, I've got you right where you can't even wriggle!"

Billy leaned across the table to emphasize what he was saying, heard a slight sound in the bedroom and promptly blew out the lamp. With a heave of one arm he slammed the table over on the district attorney.

The latter, taking the table to his bosom, went over backward, together with the chair he sat in, and wallowed on the floor.

Both guns exploded simultaneously. What happened next has never been clear in Billy's mind. He only knows that his head rang like a struck bell at the shot, and burning powder grains stung his ear and neck. He fired blind. A voice above his head cried aloud on the name of God!

Hot and swasty convulsed upon him, and he dragged himself out from under, precisely in time to glimpse the district attorney who, having torn open the door into the hall, was silhouetted for an instant against the dim radiance emanating from the kitchen.

Billy hunched his right shoulder, took a snaphaul, and drove an accurate bullet through the right leg of the district attorney.

"He's coming around," said Shotgun Shillman. "Now he'll be an invalid nuisance for a while, like Rater."

"What's Jack trying to do?" Riley Tyler asked. "Here, take that out of your mouth!"

Was Billy who reached Jack Murray first. He snatched the wak-

ed ball of paper from Jack before he could close his teeth over it.

Billy smoothed out the crumpled wad. It appeared to be a letter and a promissory note.

Billy read.

Judge Hiram Donelson, Hillsville.

Dear Sir: The man who killed Rater Tuckleton is the county prosecutor, Arthur Rater. Rater owed Tuckleton five thousand dollars on a note and couldn't pay it. Rater wanted his money. Early in the evening on the day he was killed, Tuckleton came to Rater's house where I was at the time, and demanded payment. He brought the note with him. Rater refused and they quarreled. Tuckleton had been drinking. Before Tuckleton left he said he was going to the Walton ranch. After he left, Rater told me he had planned some time ago to kill Tuckleton and get the note back at the first opportunity. This looked like a good opportunity. Rater showed me a butcher knife. He said it was just like one at the Walton ranch. He had cut Tom Walton's initials on the handle so it would be like it. Rater said he had tried to get the original

knife, but had not been able to. This one he had fixed up had to do. He said when his knife was found on Rater's body, everybody would think Hazel Walton had killed him, and nobody would believe her if she said the knife was hers. He asked me to go with him. I went and we hung around Walton's till Tuckleton came out, and then we followed him, and Rater stuck the knife in him a couple of times. When Tuckleton was dead, Rater took the note out of Tuckleton's pocketbook, and I held Rater up and took the note away from him.

Hurs is the note he took off Tuckleton.

Yours truly, JACK MURRAY.

(Signed) Billy handed the letter and the Rater note to Shotgun Shillman, who folded both carefully and slipped them into an inner pocket of his vest.

"Well," observed Sam Prescott, "folks will be sending Bill to congress next."

"Yes," assented his daughter, "now that the grand jury have indicted Craft, Larder, Murray and Rater, there isn't anything left of the Crocker country ring but the hole."

"Maybe now Hazel will make it up with him."

"Maybe." With some indifference "Shucks, and he used to like you, Sally Jane."

"But I never liked him—enough." This with more indifference.

Hazel Walton, sewing in the front room, saw a rider coming up the draw. "That looks like Bill's horse," she muttered. "And Bill's hat. It—it is Bill."

Her heart began to pound. Her throat constricted. There was something the matter with her knees.

Billy Wingo came on. He came quite close—within twenty yards and stopped his horse and rested his hands on the saddle horn, and looked at the house. Just looked.

Suddenly Billy pulled his hat forward and picked up his reins. She saw his heel move. The horse began to turn. It was then that something snapped in Hazel's breast. Strength came to her shaking knees. She sprang to her feet, ran to the door, flung it open and dashed out. Billy's startled horse shied away. Billy dragged him back with a jerk.

Six feet from the horse Hazel stopped and stood very straight, her arms stiff at her sides. Her knees began to shake again. She knew that her voice would tremble. It did.

"Bill, I—I've changed my mind. It did me wrong. I—you—you did the right thing to see it through. If—if you hadn't, I don't know what would have become of me."

Then, of a sudden, he was off his horse, his arms were around her, and she knew that all her troubles were over.

HER MINIATURE SCULPTURES WILL GO TO FAMOUS GALLERY



MRS. IVIE MCCARTHY.

By NEA Service. WASHINGTON.—"Women can be the equals of men in sculpture and they arrive even faster." So says George Julian Zolnay, noted Washington sculptor. And, as if to bear the statement out, Mrs. Ivie McCarthy, one of his pupils, is shortly to have some of her work presented to the Metropolitan Art Gallery in New York City.

This work will consist of 10-inch figures of notables who attended the arms conference in Washington.

Mrs. McCarthy has sculptured Garibaldi, Lady Astor, Harry Lauder, Lord Northcliffe, John Burroughs and many other notables.

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